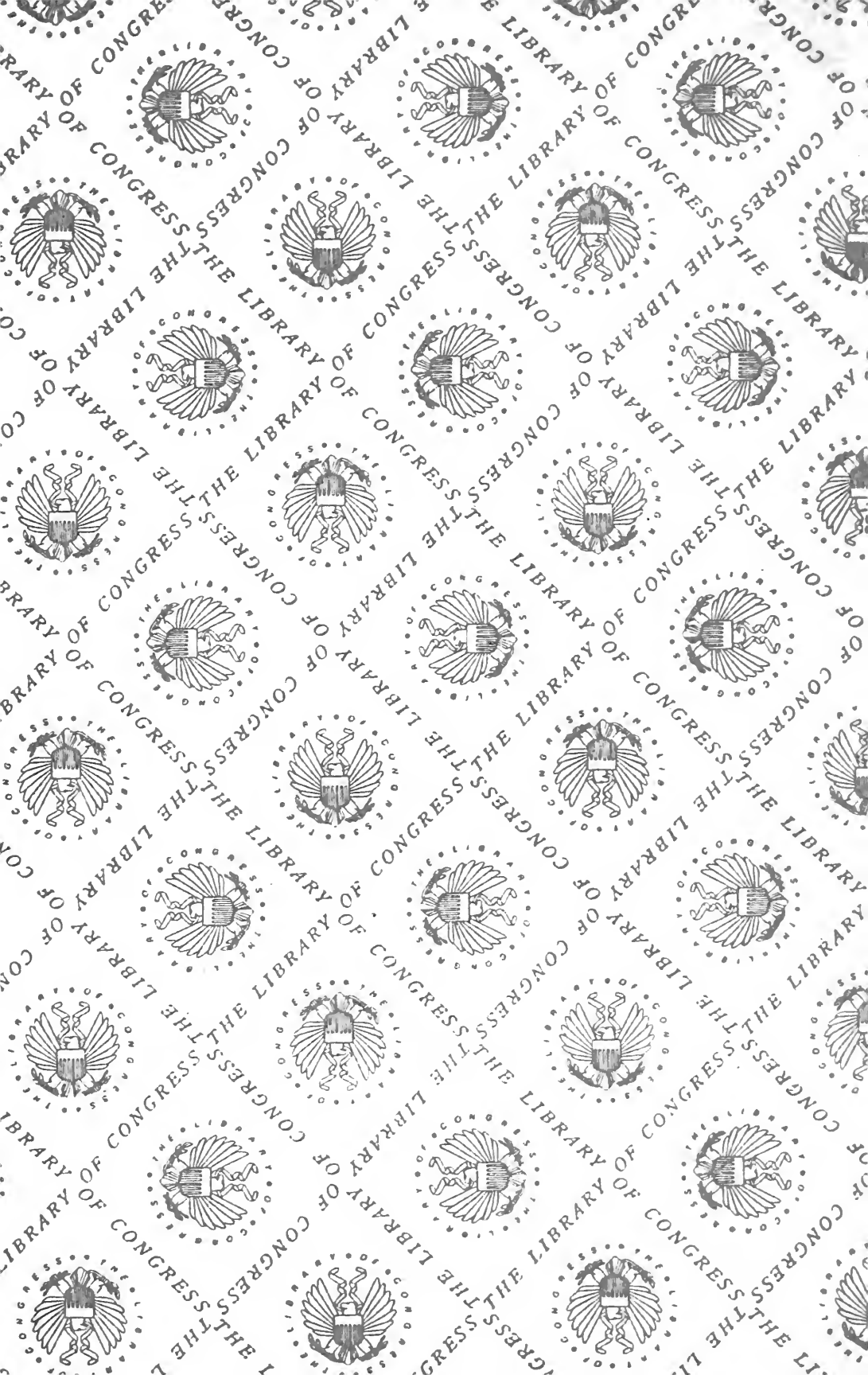
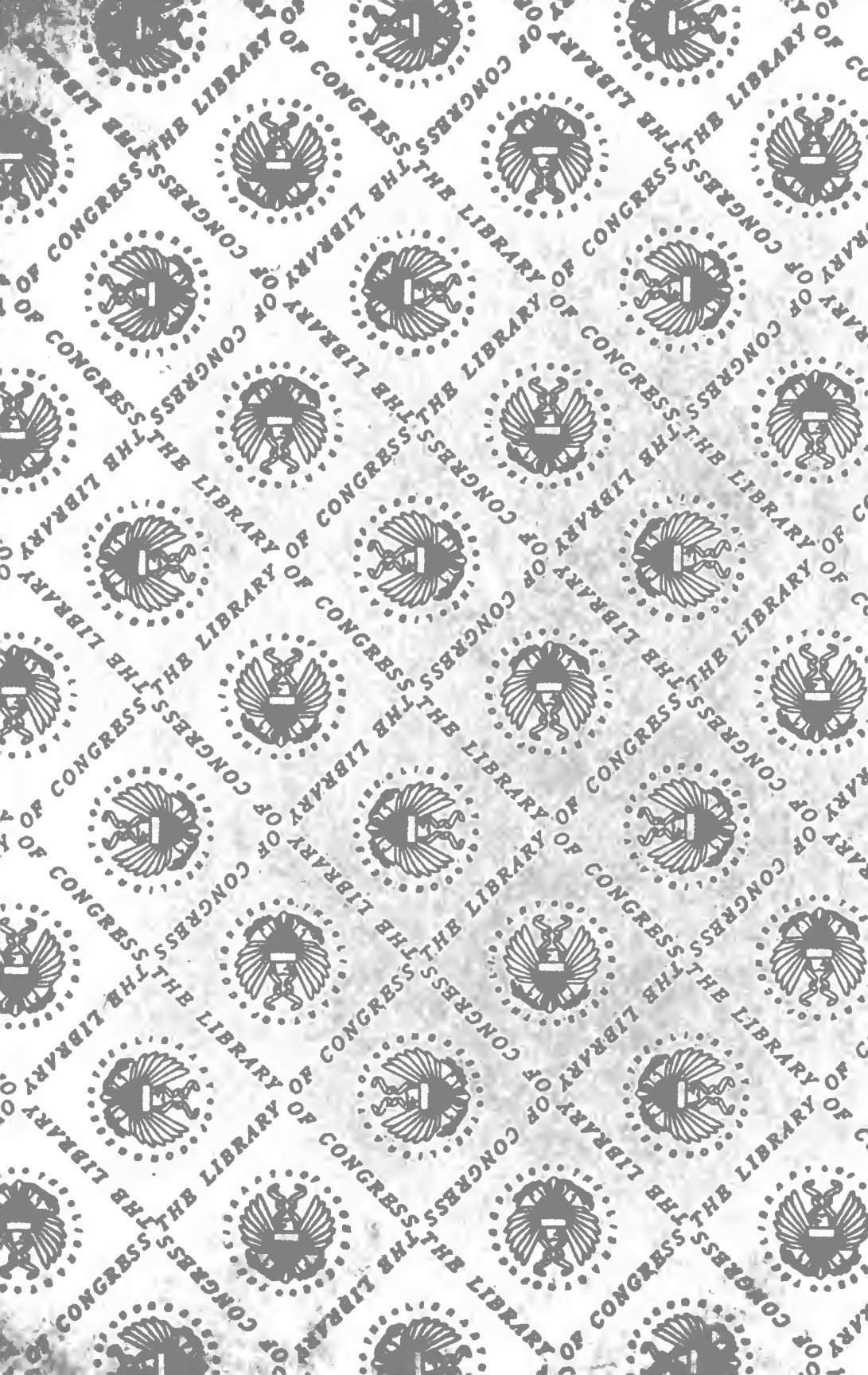


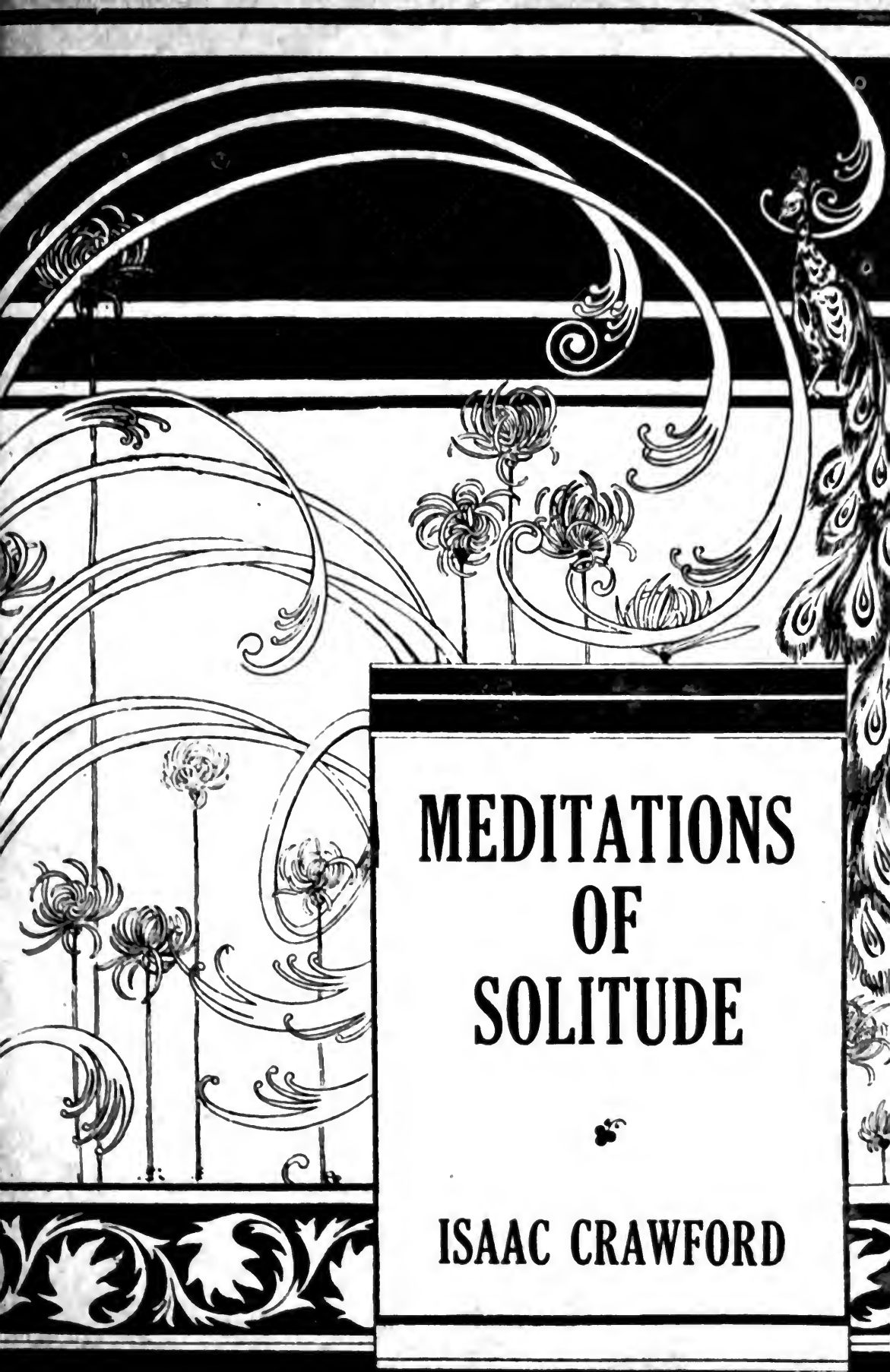
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The background of the book cover is a complex, black and white decorative pattern. It features large, sweeping, curved lines that resemble stylized arches or scrolls. Interspersed within these curves are various floral motifs, including what look like chrysanthemums or similar daisy-like flowers on long stems. There are also smaller, more intricate scrollwork and leaf-like patterns. The overall style is reminiscent of early 20th-century decorative arts or Art Deco influences.

MEDITATIONS OF SOLITUDE



ISAAC CRAWFORD

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HIXSON, TENNESSEE

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46

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FOREWORD

About nine miles north of Chattanooga, in a small valley, among fowls, animals, flowers, vegetables and fruit trees, with my sister and my dear companion, the forest, I have held close communion with the visible forms of nature, heard the joyous songs of birds and the breezes rustling through the branches of the oaks. These are the inspirations that have caused me to write this little book and call it the Meditations of Solitude. If it should bring aught of joy or pleasure to you, I feel that I have not written in vain.

ISAAC CRAWFORD.

Hixson, Tenn., June, 1916.

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KNOXVILLE COLLEGE.

Knoxville College, thy pride in the down-trodden race,
Shall lift up our banner on high.

Although we are crushed, and oppressed in all place,
We know that true labor can't die.

You have taught us the value of labor, in truth;
From the wealth of the soil to a trade,
And given us lessons of morals from youth,
Thy name in the future shall not fade.

Through long practice in teaching,

You have brought it to view,
We are capable of work at the best;

We are people of honor, when taught to be true,
There is hope in your teaching to bless.

Your noble brick-masons and workers in wood,
When finished their course in the school,
They shall turn to the world, although less understood,
To take up the hammer and rule.

Your sighters of transits, surveyors of land,

When nearing cruel prejudicial face,
Go back to Knoxville College and think of your stand,
And never be a disgrace.

Your teachers were worthy and held lofty hopes,
While facing your class in the room,
Preparing you fully, with others to cope,
And knowing that knowledge is a boom.

We are weak as a people, but the future, who knows,
The strength that the Maker may give,
Strength to the weak, to conquer their foes
After we have learned to live.

When from those schoolrooms and campus we go,
Taught and prepared for the best.

Be always honest, though tossed to and fro,
Looking to heaven for rest.

DAYTON SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

In the gathering up at Dayton,
Where we meet with one accord,
There the brothers were debating,
In the service of the Lord.
Some had gathered there to worship

In the good old-fashion way,
There were many brothers present,
Who had met, but not to pray.

So on Friday was the battle,
Though 'm not design to fear,
And before that evening entered
I surely wished I was not near.
For those brothers were a mystery,
There upon the Church-house floor,
Some were just about to battle,
Some invited to the door.

And amid the stirring contest,
Up the chairman rose and said:
If you want to keep good order,
You had better cool your head.
So the closing of the evening
And the gathering there that night,
When those brothers had got settled
And decided not to fight.

Then I heard a stirring sermon
By an elder grand and meek,
And he told us of the afterwards
In a mighty solemn speech.
Yes, he took them from the cradle,
And he tracked them to the grave—
Why he took them on an ocean,
And he drowned them in the wave.

So, on Saturday, they started
In the work as brothers should,
So the body was in earnest,
Or it seemed they understood.
Then I sat among the brothers
In my good old-fashion way,
Sure I love to go to meeting,
When the people go to pray.

Then that evening was a sermon
That enlivened every one,
And we all began in earnest
When the work of right begun.
Saturday night the concert time,
I tell you I was there,
Everybody dressed so fine,
And ladies looking fair.

Everybody seemed delighted
At the work that concert done,
For they surely were light-hearted,
And filled the church with fun.
There we had the finest music,
That the district choir could sing,
When they rose in line to order,
They made the whole church ring.

On that night I well remember,
It ever lingers in my sight,
And the years may pass unceasing,
I shall not forget that night.
And on Sunday was a Sermon,
That would almost wake the dead ;
It was sure a stirring lesson,
Of the life we people led.

And that day was hot and hultry,
And the house was crowded, too.
There was one face in that gathering
Until the earth opened about her
That I long to keep in view.
I was busy, very busy,
Till the evening slowly came,
Then I started to the station,
And I caught the evening train.

THE RAINY DAY.

Patter, patter, drop by drop,
Through the live long day.
Let it rain, it helps the crop—
It will always pay.

Sing the song of truth and just,
As you patter down,
You are the one whom nature trusts,
For her Spring-time crown.

Every object needing life,
Looks to you and smiles.
You are friendly, free from strife;
With your early styles.

Trees, plants and birds and men,
Thank thee for thy care—
When we have done our part you will step in,
Though a servant unto man through the live long year.
Drooping grass shall raise its head,
When it feels you fall.
Rain the solemn lesson read,
Summer, Spring or Fall.
Rain's essential unto life,
While you slowly creep;
Not as storms which bringeth strife,
As the raindrops sleep.
Bringing strength unto the weak,
There is blessing in the rain.
Laughing, dancing to the creek;
And our precious Springs.
Long the drouth has ruled the earth,
And the fields are bare,
Now you come with joy and mirth,
And your tender care.
Water in this country is scarce,
Wells are very low.
You the hard earth will pierce,
Falling sure and slow.
Never was life's lesson taught,
As in the falling rain,
As the hand whom heaven wrought,
To rule the hill and plain.
God has left all things to us,
In our simple care.
We are stewards whom he trusts
With life's rain to cheer.

THE PRISONER'S APPEAL.

Death means a life when ended—
Living in these cells are worse;
Labor is only there befriended,
Think in sorrow on the curse.
Do you think the prisoner only
Human, cattle or beast of prey?
Thinking of his home so lonely—
Doomed in misery there to stay.

In his prison cold and dim,
Not a friendly voice is heard,
Stern and harsh, the guard about him,
Bound and chained, a prison bird.
O, the crime that he committed,
Was it worthy of such death,
And the hopes that were forfeited—
Does he draw a pleasant breath?

In a dream his home he seeth,
While on the prison bunk he lies,
And his humble soul feels freest,
While his prayers mount to the skies.
Home and friends, the bars of justice,
Hold him a prisoner in their walls,
Faithless friend in life you trusteth,
Man is subject to many falls.

Life for life, the world is deciding,
Hands of justice are not kind;
While you are in their clutch abiding,
Other tears may fall, but mine.
Flowing from life's hidden treasure,
What enjoyment can life give,
In these cells, there is no pleasure;

What is life, that we should live.
Hope, that anchor, sure and steady,
Held aloft to those in pain;
In these cells, O, what a pity,
Is there hope for those in chains.
When he heard the judge's sentence,
Sounding like a parting knell,
It was too late for repentance—
What of life, is there to tell.

He that had a loving mother,
And a sister kind and true,
Knows the friendship of a brother,
Find no other hands but you.
Hands that make his life grow weary,
Guarded by stout-hearted men,
Looking in the future dreary,
Thinking what shall be the end.

Shall death with his icy fingers,
Cut him down before his time,

Or, in misery, there to linger,
Until old age in his cell shall find.
Had it been my life they had taken,
I would have forgiven them the crime,
O, my heart is almost breaking—
Is there justice any time?

Justice, ah! that name implieth,
Is in the future for all,
When the oppressor's hand that dieth,
And he meets his awful fall.
Warden, can you face that prisoner,
Back bleeding from gash and blow
That you give for some misdemeanor,
With a countenance firm? Ah, no!

God has marked a path when ended,
For the master, and the slave,
O, the later ones befriended,
All are equal in the grave.
What in ~~life~~ had been their mission,
In the cell or warden's chair,
They can never change position,
He lives in pleasure, Death's near.

Death the rich man's greatest terror,
Leaving all his wealth behind,
It's only the prisoner's marrow
Of the rest he is to find.
No more can cruel hands buffet him,
In that future sure but dim,
God has marked their path forever,
All must die, and even them.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

We are gathered here, dear pupils,
In this school to learn and pray,
And we will offer up our service
To the Lord on Thanksgiving Day.
Ah, we thank Thee for Thy blessings,
Thou has given us in this year,
Many trials we have overcometh,
With thy help and with thy care.

Yes, we thank Thee for Thy blessing,
In the shadow of your love,
And will turn our hearts from sinning,
To the courts of God above.
You have been with us at all times,
When the clouds were dark or fair,
Now we turn to Thee to worship,
Hear Thy servant's humble prayer.

Lord, we thank Thee for Thy harvest—
All the fields of ripening grain,
Ah, we feel that Thou has blessed us,
We do justly suffer pain.
For those days of loving service,
You have lead us with your hand—
Been to us a gentle shepherd,
Cared for us in every land.

Lead us forward on forever,
Let our work in future be,
Guide us with Thy own protection,
On the land, or on the sea.
Lord, when our great harvest is o'er,
And we leave this day called life,
Yes, prepare us for the coming,
In this world of sin and strife.

REMORSE OF AFTERWARDS.

From this battlefield
We shall soon depart,
With a scarred and battered shield
And a broken heart.
If we should succeed or fail,
Life is all the same,
And shall justice prevail,
And leave a fading name.

Leaving life and present worth,
What you might have been,
Traveling bravely through the earth,
And confronting sin.
Sin the devil's mightiest tool,
Binds the human soul;
This world is his to rule,
Face him, strong and bold.

Although human weakness fails,
 Could we all succeed, ..
Heaven itself would assail,
 Every human deed.
Honor, and success all depend
 On our training here,
When it's too late to mend—
 Why shed briny tears.

Coward men in after life,
 Think of what they might have been,
As the voice in solemn strife
 Tries to stop the wind.
What is past, is past away—
 How the moments fly—
Leading us on to the day
 When we are to die.

We are children on this earth
 Learning every day.
Do we think of Adam's curse
 And that narrow way?
Narrow, but too wide for sin
 To live and linger there.
Straight is the way, God made for men
 Their hope is in humble prayer.

Hope that anchor to the soul
 On this ocean wide.
While life's foaming billows roll
 Think who walks the tide.
He neither slumbers, nor sleeps.
 While we are in his care
He is one shepherd of all sheep,
 That never knoweth fear.

He chained death to his chariot wheel
 On that final day,
The conqueror of conqueror on that field
 To which we all should pray.
Praise him for his loving strength
 While we linger here.
Take him as a strong defense
 And a friend so dear.

PERSEPHONE OR FROM WINTER TO SPRING.

In a valley sweet with flowers,
Persephone had gone to play.
Walking out among the bowers
And she sang the entire day.
Life is a dream unbroken
And these flowers are so fair.
Are they to this earth a token,
Could this lovely earth be bare?

Stepping lightly like a snow-drift,
Plays the daughter of earth's queen,
As she walked among the cow-slips
Fairest all the earth has seen
Ah! my daughter, O be careful
On forbidden ground you tread
And my heart for you feel fearful
Look a moment just ahead.

But those flowers, they have charmed her
While she gathers without heed,
Ades drives with lightning speed,
Seize the maiden strong and steady:
Bears her to the realms below,
Leaving all the earth in pity,
Flowers hate to see her go.

Ades carried carried her down to brighten
His dark kingdom with her care,
And he felt his burden lighten—
He could live, and have no fear.
There was a law supreme forever
Signed by Zeus hand besides,
They that eat beyond the river
Should ever in that world abide.

Tempting fruit they set before her
That she would eat with them and stay,
But the ones who brought such treasures,
She would motion them away.
Life has lost its greatest treasure
Mother earth, and you alone
I shall never eat below here,
Until I reach my happy home.

Mother Demeter was weeping
Over hill and dell so wild,
As daily her feet went creeping

Lost in sorrow for her child.
Through the earth she sought in wonder
For that noble little child,
Well she knew that Zeus' blunder
Would be explained after awhile.

Then earth's flowers faded and withered
When they missed the hand they loved.
It was far across the river
Fathoms from the land above.
Let old Zeus take his flowers,
Guard them with his tender care,
Never shall earth feel my power,
Until I find my daughter dear.

At these solemn words the flowers
Heard her voice, and dropped their head.
Every moment seemed an hour.
The whole earth was bare and dead.
Fields once ripe with flushing grain,
Was now sear, and brown, and bare.
While her mother's heart in pain
Longing for her daughter fair.

Now Old Ades swift and dashing
Sent a servant to the land
Like a bolt of lightning flashing
To find a charm that would work grand
In his hand when he returned
A pomegrate from her home,
And her loving heart did yearn
And her thoughts did homeward turn.

Temptation has overcome her,
As the pomegrate passed her lips,
She was struck with awe and wonder.
So was unprepared for the trip.
But, alas for that young maiden,
In her mouth the mosles lay
Then the messenger was planning
How he should take her away.

Zeus then was moved with pity
Seated on his mountain throne,
Looking from Olympus City
Persephone shall return home.

Mother these conditions are dearly
It is thus against your pride
Half the time your daughter yearly
Shall in the upper world abide.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

In the solemn reign of Caesar,
When Old Italy's heart was free,
And the Roman hand was ruling
From the mountain to the sea.
Within the land of Judea
A sudden light appeared.
It was the hand of Jesus
Whose advent was near.

For years that holy promise
To Israel had been held.
The mighty God of Justice,
His power should be felt.
The promise had ended,
When Christ their maker came
Those words in accent shouted
From mountain unto plain.

The shepherds on the distant hill,
While vigilant watch did keep
They heard a voice, fear not, be still,
He searches for his sheep.
For in the City of Bethlehem
Your long sought treasure lives;
Let all hearts freely receive him
And homage to him give.

The wise men from the distant east
Came riding from afar,
And thinking of the Prince of Peace,
While guided by a star.
They came to see the holy king
Within His humble birth,
And thinking of the mighty things
When he should rule the earth.

EUROPEAN TROUBLE.

From the distant land across the sea,
A dreadful sound is heard
The nations fighting fierce and free,
No thought of a peaceful word.
The one who lead the world in trade,
In wealth and commerce
Pray to the Lord who mercy made
To send peace to the earth.

Your sons in battle, must they die,
Their native land to hold,
And in the cold earth to lie,
In a silent long repose.
Amid the strife of life and death
Nor shall we die in vain,
For nations with one solemn breath
Will shout and praise your name.

The fatherless children who are left
To cry and mourn for bread.
The widowed wives who are bereft
Their lives are death instead.
Their husbands died upon the field
To save their sacred name.
This is a wound that will not heal,
Although it causes pain.

But hear the mothers tell their sons,
Your nation is in need;
They tell of many battles won;
To inspire them indeed.
When they go to the battle's front
To conquer or to die.
They bravely stand war's dreadful brunt
Like men, and will not sigh.

George V, the noble English king,
Who stood for Belgian's right.
The whole world, shall praises sing.
If you should gain the fight.
The Russian Ruler staunch and bold,
Like Peter, Oh the Great,
Seems to be one man with a soul,
In spite of all the fates.

And Poncaire of sacred France,
His work was rightly done,
When Germany in a great advance,
An awful defeat she won.
Remember France's sacred name,
A comrade once in arms,
And think in silent of Lafayette's fame,
And how he stood the storm.

O soldier boy, O mother's pride,
Is this the end of such,
Who left the family fireside
When the nation's pride was touched,
To lie upon the bloody field,
A lifeless mass of clay,
And at that stirring bugle peal
Steel mistles swept their way.

No thought was there of dastard flight
Or wish to leave the fray,
Only the corpse, a ghastly sight,
Where artillery swept its way.
O what is war, that we should fight,
To lose our lives and homes,
And leave this world a helpless sight
While our wives and children roam.

Let every nation think before
A declaration of war is signed,
Think of the misery in store
That war is sure to find.
For war even in its mildest state
Is everything but kind.
It only spreads misery, and hate,
And has done every time.

But God has said that war shall be
As long as time shall last.
Can we change Heaven's holy decree,
That has been in the past.
And love alone shall teach the world
That brotherhood's the best.
Until the time of heaven's herald
There is no time for war to rest.

For war is war, and after all
Who causeth war to reign,
It is the humble ones who fall,

The rich man's wealth to gain.
Through war we learn to value peace,
When others fail to tell,
We want that turmoil all to cease,
And long to hear all's well.

Look not upon the power gained
Through misery and strife,
Think of the hearts that ache with pain
And the afterwards of life
Who was the one whose promise has been given
Blessed be the peacemaker,
Throughout all the earth,
This promise is of heaven.

A COMPARISON.

Out from the noisy city,
Surrounded by hills and trees,
One of a solemn committee
With the flowers that float on the breeze,
If life was compared to a flower,
I wonder whose life is the best;
One receives the early Spring flowers,
The other life solemn contest.

The hills, Ah, think of their beauty.
They stand out in noble array,
And look like speakers addressing
All who pass by their way.
Without them where is the beauty
We see in the distant afar;
Thinking of life as a duty,
As we gaze on the evening star.

Our lives are like stars in the distance
That rises, and sinks like the sun,
Who finds the greatest resistance
And strives till his work is done,
Is worthy of praise for his striving
Even though he has tried once and failed
It should be a lesson to enliven
As the rays from the sun are veiled.

The darkest of night is the hour
Just before the dawning of day;
The time when we know there is power
Is time for our scepters sway;
If we were a great bounding river,
That runs from the land to the sea,
How quick we would return to our giver,
But no such mortals are we.

If we were the stars of the evening,
Would we be contented to shine.
Every object on earth is believing,
Though man is composed of a mind;
His mind is a dark shadowed dwelling
And his heart is a place to deceive
And often the words he is telling
In only his thoughts on the breeze.

Only his thoughts, O how thoughtless
He drives them like chaff on the wind;
Even his life is so fraughtless
He is praised by the children of men.
They praise him while even his darkness
Is hid from the world's view;
Although his heart is of harshness
What care if the world thinks he is true.

Life is composed of sweet dreaming;
How many shall be realized?
Then when we learn the meaning,
How dark is the cloud in the sky.
If we were children still learning,
That we are weak at our best.
How quick would our careless lights burning,
Teach us to look for true rest.

Rest means to cease from all labor
When we have finished our part,
If you were kind to your neighbor,
Why leave such wounds in his heart.
Comparing our lives to a mountain,
That others have tried to ascend.
Thinking at last of the fountain
Where we shall meet in the end.

The clouds, who in darkness are hiding,
The rays of our sun and its hopes.
While we are here abiding

In strength are we equal to cope—
Able to cope with the others

While there are chances to change,
Holding the hand of a brother
And never thinking it strange.

While he is weak, heavy laden,

Borne down with sorrow and grief,
Would not your heart quietly gladden
If you could bring their relief?

Only a cold drink of water,
Give to the prisoner in pain
Straighten the steps of a daughter—
How can your life be vain.

Vain are the lives who are seeking
That others may fall in the land.

Just as the ones who are speaking
Won't give a helping hand.

Virtue and truth are the banner,
We place our neighbor to weigh,
What is the answer, and manner,
If we are summoned today.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

You know your time is brief.
Who shall come to your relief
When you spend your time in dancing
And the worthless world of fancies?

Man was born for peace or woe,
In the road to folly go
O refrain from this young man,
Follow not the earthly plan.

You need no other's sign or token,
All they say is quite provoking.
As you love to follow fashion
You are entwined in sin and passion.

Look out on life's rugged plain
Would we live our lives again:
Would we not without disgrace
Turn to Jesus' smiling face.

Stand by me forever,
Death's dark mist shall gather.
Have you placed a trust in Christ,
Do you seek eternal life.

THE BEAUTIFUL STARS.

Stars, stars, beautiful stars,
Shining into space afar,
Like a dutiful sentry keep
Silent guard while earth's asleep.
Dancing, sparkling like a light,
Ruler of the cloudless night.

Earthly kings in pomp and pride,
In their autos swiftly ride
But they know no freedom thus
Like the stars the angels trust,
Even starlight in the fall
Is a blessing after all.

Ah, even winter, chill and bare,
When the frost is in the air,
When the weather's damp and cold,
How the stars race to the goal;
Peaceful guards of every one,
Till their work on earth is done.

They shine on the infant very small.
Has no thought of sin at all.
Shines on the soldier on the field,
Who must face the cruel steel;
Silent though the stars may be
But their silence seems to see.

In Spring the flowers come up to know
Why the stars are shining so.
All of nature seem to say,
Stars shall rule the night like day.
In the festival dancing hall
Where the tempter loudly calls.

Will the stars forever reign,
Like the riders of the plain,
If the clouds hide them from view

Will they shine for hearts that are true,
Pure and true as angels are—
Do you wish to be a star.

Shines long after life is o'er
On a bright and better shore.
Let thy work for ever be;
Prepare for life and eternity
That space beyond are life and death,
Where no one return to breath.

In that awful, great beyond
Who would inter on man's bond
Save him from cruel and endless pain,
Connect the link and make a chain;
Was Christ not the morning star,
Safely crossed death's dreadful bar.

Stars, stars, O precious stars,
Would you fill man's vain desire
If you were the ruling fates
Would you teach his heart to hate
Why the stars are froth with care
When they hold our lives so dear.

How a star may rule our life
In the turmoil and strife,
Then we find experience shall pay
If not bought too dear, we say,
Give we life, an ocean wide
With the starlight by my side.

Upon which my boat shall sail
I will try, if I fail.
Life is ruled by stars above
Giving choice of hate or love.
Leaving all like winter bare
With the starlight in the air.

When the summer sun is warm,
And the stars shine on the corn,
In the evening when the soil
Cease from moving by man's toil.
When man from his labor go
You are playing to and fro.

Stars shoot and seem to play
Like the ball teams of today,
Flying through the elements
With a heart that is content,
Let those stars forever shine
Like the substance of the mind.

Let us live forever free,
On the land or on the sea.
Give us peace within the grave,
Rather than a thoughtless slave.
For a star is with us all
In our last, and final fall.

THE LIVING TORCH.

If I had known thy silent face
Would haunt me, day by day;
How could I speak in such short space
And we were on life's way.
The light in darkness shall it hide,
That no more light we see,
And in this pleasant world abide
Without a hope of thee.

The stars may keep their silent watch,
The sun looks down and shine;
You are a star, a living torch;
I dare not hope be mine.
O, would the light of heaven shine
Into your lovely heart,
Would it have power to change your mind
Or even make the start.

If we had never met that day,
How could the truth be known;
Love is that debt, we all should pay,
Be virtues worth, alone—
Take every hope away from life
Or those who are sinking down
Amid the turmoil and rife
With hope, or fear or frown.

If we are enemies or friends,
What shall the future be,
We all should strive to reach that end
A life we love is free.
A life without its cares we know,
Supreme in every heart,
A plant of love which thrives and grow;
Cultivated by Dan Cupid Art.

God in his wisdom from above
Looked down on fallen man,
He blessed them with a woman's love,
She was in heaven's plan.
So if by woman I've been deceived
Such heart as yours are true
You are an honest one I do believe,
And one among the few.

All objections living on earth
Has only a time to reign
The voice that light the stage with mirth
Is silent just the same.
So life is short, enjoy it well,
Through other hearts may bleed
O could the saints of heaven tell,
What love a true heart need.

Within this life how brief it seems,
The pain we do endure.
Between life chilly flowing streams
Our way is all but sure,
Faithful as light, which rule the day,
What distant can there be
Between us on life's solemn way,
Ah, could the truth we see.

And see the night before the day,
The day before it comes.
And know the debts we have to pay,
Before this race we run.
If life was ours and ours at length,
To do what ere we choose
How soon is all our labor spent
And then a long repose.

REPOSE.

It comes to call the son of man
Who toil and labor here
Off from this dreadful bar of sand
To misery, or to cheer.
Let not thy treasure be unworth
The one thy love shall claim.
Be faithful traveling through this earth
Except your life be vain.

LOOKING BEYOND.

Let me look beyond this billow,
Neath this struggle here of life;
And this earth's not downy pillow
While we are battling in this strife,
See beyond the vales of mystery;
Failures there as dark as night
He that struggles on and upward,
Battles for the just and right.

See beyond the present struggle
Battle over victory won,
Just as labor in the morning
When their work has just begun,
When the storms of life are raging
And thy soul is sorely stressed,
Look beyond the surging billows
To him that always knows the best.

Knows the end, from the beginning,
Marks the fall before the rise,
Has his height above in heaven,
Depths beneath the lowest sky.
Broader than the vast creation,
Truest of the sons of men,
Even one who stills the ocean
And is known to cleanse man's sin.

While we know that life is fleeting,
Every step we higher go,
And reach the height where those who struggle
Can be happy, and free from woe.

Look up to that mountain lofty,
Far beyond your present stand,
To the height where God has promised
Should be held by righteous man.

Let me see if life is worthy
Of the blessings God can give,
When he showed the way to heaven
He surely taught us how to live.
Let life be a shining meteor,
Every storm for better comes,
Then let us remember truly,
Life is a struggle, heaven is our home.

A FADING DREAM.

Like a dream when I awake
Flies the memories of time,
Leaving a sad heart to break
And no silver bells to chime.
O, how sweet is death a balm,
For all sorrows and their ills.
Leaving earth still and calm,
And our life a tempest still.

In each lovely hand we hold
Think not of its price at length;
What is left a heartless soul,
Weakness there instead of strength.
Precious the gems may be
In the roughest earthly cast,
Like the face we plainly see,
Is not the picture in the glass.

O, the guises men do wear
To obtain their desired end;
What is to us so fair
As to have a precious friend.
Precious to our loving care
If they stand by us alone
To wipe away the burning tear,
Standing by us firm, like stone.

LIKE THE ENDING OF A DREAM.

Who shall tell me of this lesson
Often studied alone;
Of the many precious blessings
God has spared me for my own.
In the spring of flowers
When the roses were so red;
You blessed them with your showers
And they raised their drooping head.

When I was so small and weakly,
You held me in your tender care,
May my rebellious soul grow weekly,
Through the unseen coming year.
Every battle kills our soldiers;
When this lesson we repeat
Should only serve to make us bolder—
Never think once of defeat.

Now the years before me seeming
Like a book that I have read,
Am I dreaming, only dreaming;
And this dream I seem to dread.
Wake me from this lonely slumber,
While I have a chance to change,
Before I reach that silent number
And my form is cold and strange.

Friends around me all in wonder
If a worker I shall be—
If I fail or make a blunder
There are chances yet for me.
They have told me all vocations,
They are filled, no room at all.
I shall find an occupation
And will follow, though I fall.

Should the future be so dreary
I will never fail to climb,
Never on this road grow weary
Amid the tempest or the calm.
Fallen leaves are sure a token
That the year shall make a change.
Hearts that once were sorely broken,
They are cold, and is it is strange.

Hark! I hear the chilly waters,
Rushing in upon the deck
Is this one of earth fallen daughters,
Sinking down beneath the wreck.
Cold the day and dark and dreary
And the future is unseen;
Struggle onward, be not weary,
Life is labor, not a dream.

Life is a struggle, O behold it;
See the faulting ones who fall;
There is the path of life who goes it.
Hear the leader's cheering call.
Let me see before this battle
Who is victor in the fight.
As the flying missiles rattle
God protect the weak and right.

When our life on earth is ended
And we face the grand review,
And the strongest hand we lend
Helps to conquer and be true.
Help us o'er the stormy ocean
Facing perils we have not seen
With a heart of true devotion
Like the ending of a dream.

WINTER.

The cold, frosty winter is coming this way,
To give us his scepter of ice to hold sway;
With a heart that is cheerful and light.
He brings frosty morning, and long winter nights
The summer has faded to warm autumn fair
The sun is going southward, the frost in the air.

Will come to our district with his burning brand
And will leave fields brown where he takes a stand,
The frost is a servant; it comes every year;
Wherever you are, yearly it comes, do not fear.
This summer we were blessed with plenty of rain,
But soon there'll be frost on the window pane.

The cold frosty winter is now on the wing,
He comes with a shrill blast to whistle and sing;
He comes to the southland so bold and free
And rustle the branches on the leafless tree.
The nights will soon lengthen, the evening be cool,
While trooping and playing, the children from school.

Recited their lessons and entered the air,
While passing the fields that are sear and bare.
The flowers cease blooming, the springtime's o'er,
The spring birds have flown to warmer shores,
While winter shall come with blast and chill,
He will search the mountain, valley and hill.

Prepare for the winter, we know it will come,
Those giants in forest are silent and dumb.
And cold is the day, when to labor we go,
Often at night to return through the snow.
And seeking the shelter of our pleasant fires,
Walking on homeward, led by a star.

The summer is silent, it's past from the stage,
While the long rainy evening, the children are caged,
They feel like prisoners confined in a cell,
The time is spent, in the story they tell.
They talk of summer when flowers were gay,
And what they have seen, and met on their way.

Our lives have their summer, it's fall and chill,
But all through the tempest, the Maker is still
Leading us onward, and straight to the goal,
Think of the future, and peace to thy soul.
Trust and go forward, the future is veiled,
Though God has sure promised that right can not fail.

THE READING FLOWER.

In a classroom, seated graceful, just a few seats
from my own,
There is the sweetest flower growing,
That the air has ever blown.
Loveliest of the latest flowers
Blooming in the latest fall,
Blessed with care and early showers
Growing, growing, after all.

All alone, and almost dreaming,
Like a flower when in bloom,
Oh this lesson is only seeming
Roses have their own perfume.
Choicest flower from earth's' garden,
One to whom we have plead in vain.
Can it be her heart has hardened
Will she smile upon our pain.

If amid your studies daily,
You a hero would approve,
Could it be that you would listen
And your heart with pity move.
No, your heart is not to trifle,
Such a little favor give
As those words she quietly stifled,
Who will teach us how to live.

Life can never be a charm—
O, could I just see the end,
Find you leaning on strong arms
As the truest of true friends.
What is friendship, who can say
What it is to those possessed,
It's only the plainest way
For us all to do our best.

Flower give thy sweet perfume,
Like a rose bud to the air
Knowing that your life so soon,
Will be gone beyond repair.
Where no traveler can return
With pleasant life between,
And a heart that always yearns.

Truth shall live, the best must die,
Said the teacher and the sage,
And a flower with a sigh
Soon shall leave its earthly stage.
Onward! Onward go, be free!
Never stoop to serve vile man,
Only truthful to life be,
Are you part of heaven's plan?

A TELESCOPIC VIEW.

I looked upon a spacious field,
I saw so much to do,
The future is hard, and cruel as steel,
What makes our lives be true.
Is our lives what they could have been
Had ever we made a change
Among the crowded marts of sin,
Our lives are dark and strange.

This telescope before my eyes,
I looked upon the field;
A wound in life to my surprise
And one that cannot heal.
The day is past, and time is gone,
Another stand to take.
While fleeting years pass swiftly on,
Why live for another sake.

O life, that precious gift of God
Is this the end of such;
Whose faulting hopes are in the sod,
Those whom his finger has not touched.

O life, and living bid me stand
And take survey of life;
Who is that comes at God's command,
In sorrow filled with rife.

I looked upon this field again;
What was it to behold.
Why life is more than toil or pain
We have a living soul.
O, life with all your pains and woes,
When we must lay thee down;
We find death the greatest of all foes
And meet him with a frown.

O, faithless soul what means this stay,
So brief on earth to live,
How soon our hopes all fly away,
No other hopes may give.
The field is large, the work is great,
How can we do our part.
And, set to work, and not to hate,
With true and willing heart.

The harvest sun is setting fast,
The night is hurrying down;
This day of grace may be the last,
Then shadows gather around,
The soul who trusteth God to lead
Shall never go astray.
Who is the one in heaven heed
And lives to work life's day.

O life, so strange as well as brief,
Have we a choice at hand?
Death means the end who find relief,
Whose soul God does command.
Faith in a cause then do your part
In time when you are assailed,
It takes a man with a strong heart
As often as we fail.

PURE THOUGHTS.

Pure thoughts live silently to please
And float upon the passing breeze,
Whose noble hopes are never dim;
Who love God and their fellow men,
A heart that's pure, will choose its thoughts
And love the work which God has wrought
Their conversation every day,
Are gems of life, found on the way.

Their lives are like a flower fair
That glisten in the morning air,
Or like the blessing of a rain
No way in life is over plain
They look not on an evil side
Nor with an evil heart abide
Such life is by its Maker blessed
Who guard his thought and does his best.

Look in some face and judge the while
Whose face shows innocence of guile,
Those noble countenances truly stand,
And prove himself a Godly man.
O is it sad that we must die
Our thoughts live on, now reason why,
Because if they are pure and bright
They help the world to all do right.

Now, if our thoughts are shadowed ones
They cause a mist, and cloud our sun;
And leave this earth a dreary home
And man in misery to roam.
Our lives are fashioned in its thought,
Then the greatest work is wrought.
When Christ the scepter of our mind
Takes hold and rules with hand divine.

Thought forms an impression on our face,
It may be marred, but not erased,
It has assumed a station there,
Be it of pleasure or despair.
Such thoughts we read as plain as day
In all our brothers of the clay.
Our lives are what are thought may be
A boundless ocean, though not free.

O, maiden with those dark brown eyes,
Whose life may be a grand surprise;
Look not on life as others say,
But guard your thought and live to pray,
Now youth with strength, God spared to give,
Your life is yours and yours to live.
Those thoughts may rise up in your breast,
Trust you in God, and do your best.

Pure thought alone will a man
In touch with heaven's plan
Who set his heart to guard his words
A higher voice than man has heard.
O fruitful tree, or man of trust
To guard your thought in life you must,
You must not say, O, I forgot,
And leave upon your soul a blot.

For God has set a date above
And signed it with his greatest love.
Our heart from him how can we turn
While heaven for our soul do yearn.
Pure thought, and lives are what we need
For life to some is dark indeed.
And O, the form with head of frost
Tells to us what his thoughts have cost.

A VISION.

I sat within a gloomy room,
And day was fading fast,
The night was coming on soon,
Its shadow then were cast.
The shadow left me in despair,
Why thought of life is strange,
Then looking in the future there
My heart was pierced with pain.

I saw before an awful field
Where man must strive to live,
Prepare for life, put on the shield,
That only God can give.
I saw beyond a gloomy screen
The future map unfold,
And looking fearful on the scene,
My heart was chilly cold.

Young people, I say look ahead,
The future is for you;
The way of life on which you tread
Is everything but true.
The past leaves no memories in sight,
The present is so grand,
But take the road and know it's right,
And firmly on it stand.

The tempter, and the tempest too,
May blow upon your soul,
God is the pilot of the crew,
His word is more valuable than gold.
The map before me made a change,
I saw another veil,
I looked and lo, it was so arranged,
I trembled and turned pale.

I looked, and lo, what did I see!
My vision was it so,
The bound in life was nobly free,
The wicked faced their foe.
The victor and vanquished, too,
Were equal on that plain,
The ones in life whose love was true
Whose heart was firm and sane.

At last when waking from this dream,
I viewed my life to see,
The mighty things that are between
My life and victory.
The glass reflected in my light
And bid me pause to look,
The day may change into the night,
But, O life's but a book.

A book to read though not explained,
A memory to uphold,
Whose vivid word has caused us pain
Who struggle to the goal.
O strive to make the best of life,
While life to us is given,
A moment we are the strife,
The next at peace in heaven.

THE SNOWSTORM.

The snowstorm is here with its cool evening breeze
The air has made a change;
Look out upon the leafless tree
And don't think them strange.
The night was dark before the snow
Had fallen on the ground,
And see it dancing to and fro,
As it covers all the town.

The children are gay, with spirit of fun,
They love this time of year,
The ground is too slick to play and run,
Take heart and be of good cheer.
Ah, the snow as it falls from the sky,
Beautiful gems so lovely and fair,
Look, O, the schoolboys' spirits are high,
While passing snowballs through the air.

The snow is falling very fast,
The air is damp and cool,
The scepter of the summer's past
And we are all in school.
The flowers have faded, the leaves are all dead,
The snow on earth abides,
And soon we all may use our sled,
To have a pleasant ride.

The snow is beautiful as it falls from above
White as angel, and glittering like love;
Snow is only a blessing, don't look on and frown,
It's winter's white mantel and earth's noble crown;
Look at the flakes as they scamper and play,
Falling a moment in silence to lay,
Although this day is gloomy and dark,
Look at the snow flakes, they are falling like sparks.

The snow has the scepter, he rides on the wind,
He comes with gush and blast,
He comes from the north pole, he's a laps friend,
To blow off the useless chaff.
Grieve not for flowers, they come in their time;
Winter is the father of snow.
Look on the hill-tops, they glisten and shine,
The entire crown is lovely, we know.

Days, years and winters may pass over your head,
This path we shall travel no more,
And if we are humble and could only be led,
How much better we could feel on life's shore.
Our hearts, are like snow in its cold chilly state,
Our minds are like castles so high,
And when we are tested and handled by fate,
We stumble, fall and must die.

WHY WE SHOULD GO TO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Why should we go to Sunday school,
Said a thoughtful boy one day;
Is it the place we learn the rule
In after years will pay.
Six days God gives us for our plans,
The seventh is his own,
And we the foolish son of man
Refuse his grace alone.

Why should we go to Sunday school,
Instead of off to play;
Who makes our lives a golden rule
Except we learn to pray.

Why should our pleasure be forgot,
Our mind in earnest thought,
Don't stay at home to plan and plot
Of what our lives are not.

Those little children must be led,
So tender and so young;
Go to my lambs, they must be fed,
From which my sheep has sprung.
Where is the future church to stand,
Except from Sunday school.
Those little children are the plan
By which Christ seemed to rule.

The prisoner at the judgment bar,
When questioned by the judge,
Had found upon his life a scar,
Deeper than any word.
A misspent hour on Sabbath day
Had brought him to his crime
And now this debt he'll justly pay,
On the frowning wheel of time.

O Sabbath day, O Sabbath day,
And one for every soul;
Our hopes may fade, and pass away,
But not our Sabbath roll.
Essential to our life at length,
Where we were on Sabbath day,
And every moment we have spent,
And what shall be our pay.

THE CHANGE OF TREE FROM WINTER TO SPRING.

A month ago the trees were bare,
The hills like a sentinel stood,
The boisterous wind and chilly air
Was everything but good.
The earth was in its silent sleep,
No sign of life appeared;
No grass above the ground did creep,
The birds were all that cheered.

That distant ridge in silent gloom,
Was standing in its place,
Looks like a chariot lately groomed
To enter in a race.
What is the change, who can explain,
Except in a higher plan.
We wonder as we suffer pain,
What means this world to man.

That hill is the same, whom God has touched
As proof of life beyond,
Just as his hand is trained to such
Or guard the rising dawn.
Empresses wear their robes of green
Are common to your suit,
You are the one only queen,
That settles all disputes.

Who is it that walks on every wave,
The forest and hill,
Whose hand is strong, and sure to save
The forest do His will.
O man so vile, stubborn of heart,
Take lessons from the trees,
Before your day of grace depart
And you are ill at ease.

Suppose the hill a rebellious hand
Held up against their Lord,
Where would be the beauty of the land
And where is its reward.
The fig tree once refused to yield,
Or fill its place on earth,
The voice of God it had to feel
And died beneath the curse.

O vile and wretched parasite,
Who gives you drink or bread,
Who shields you in the darkest night
And giveth life, though dead.
The hills and ridges of the vale
Their beauty do express,
The plant life comes without fail
And work without rest.

STARLIGHT.

My Starlight has from me departed,
And her voice on earth has ceased,
For the Lord has spoke in heaven,
And bid her eternal peace.

She was bright as earthly morning,
Sweet, and loved as morning dew,
She was loved among the many—
She was pure among the few.

Bright and glorious were the promise
You had made her day by day,
And when to her your heart was given,
God called her home, across the way.

Ah! her day was briefly broken,
Filled with pain and not with sin,
Yes, we have a glorious promise
We shall meet and live again.

She is free from anger and from sorrow,
Free from earthly pains and strife,
She has gone to live in heaven,
In a pure and better life.

Dear friends you shall see your dear ones,
When this earthly day is fled.
She is only quietly sleeping,
And her soul cannot be dead.

THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER.

In the valley I behold him,
Where his steps are crowded there.
He has started to the mountain,
There the world looks to him fair.
I desire to top that mountain
Where few men have only stood,
While I am traveling in this valley,
Let me struggle to be good.

While the world is gathering around him
And pleading for him to stay,

Ah, his mind is on that mountain
He shall reach the top some day.
Then they point their hands in triumph
To that path so high and steep
Before you ever top that mountain
You are sure to fall asleep.

Let me fail within this effort,
Only I shall try again.
I am crowded here, he murmurs,
In this valley filled with sin.
And this path is long and dreary.
Should it be the will of God
Before I ever top that mountain
I should sleep beneath the sod.

If I fail, his pale lips faltered,
From his breast escaped a sigh,
I shall never think about it,
I will reach the top or die.
Bravely on the path he started
With a firm, determined face.
He is never once half-hearted,
He will climb with heaven's grace.

I behold him leave the valley,
At the mountain foot he stands,
As he grasps his alpine firmly
With a firm, determined hand—
Others climbed this lofty mountain;
What by man has once been tried
Can be accomplished by another—
I shall reach the top or die.

Then he turns and struggles upward,
Though the path is rugged there,
Slowly on, his feet are bleeding,
While the valley is in despair;
He is falling, some one shouted,
But is up with one quick bound.
I can't reach it in a day, friends,
But I shall climb it round by round.

After days of weary travels,
And long nights of earthly pain,
Stands he on the topmost ladder,
Looking bravely to the plain.

I was crowded in that valley,
Where companion came too soon,
Now my effort topped the mountain
And I find there plenty room.

Raised he up a shunning motto,
Saw by friends and foes alike,
He that once desires to conquer
Must never on his steps look back.
Pressing forward, on and upward,
Be this motto to thy soul,
I will climb this earthly mountain;
On its top I shall find my goal.

On that mountain high and lofty
Stands the climber, staunch and brave,
With his head so white and frosty,
Looking like a king so grave.
Looking backward down the mountain
On that long and dreary strand,
Drinking freely from the fountain
Was prepared for fallen man.

LOVE'S CHOICE—A SONG.

Give me springtime without flowers,
But not a heart without love.
Here our great harvest needs showers
Blessed from the hand up above.
Love in this life which we cherish
Hope against fate is in vain;
Altho our hopes in life perish,
Pass like the sunshine or rain.

Then from our paths we are gleaning
Flowers as well as the thorns,
While earthly hopes quietly streaming,
So soon to lead us to harm.
The path we have traveled seems dreary,
Future as dark as the night,
When with our life we feel weary,
Who then will bring us the light?

Brave all the darkness as duty,
Call it a part of your life,
And in the end, how the beauty

Shines from the struggle with strife.
And while the contest seems trying,
Soldiers and comrades may fall,
Many in battle are dying.
Enter the contest, that's all.

Give me the world without sunlight,
But not a heart without care.
All in this world is the one light.
Reigneth and ruleth the year.
And then at last when life's ended
And our passed life we behold
Who in this world we have befriended
Just as we cross the goal.

LITTLE DRIFF.

Little brown dog, with spirit gay.
Jumping, playing every day.
Running races with Sport;
Life to him is but a court.
In this court of pleasure bright
Plays from morning until night.

Little brown feet, our tiny hands
Always digging in the sand,
Or, after Sport in a hard chase,
And sometimes beats him in the race.
A merry streak of passing light;
A little pup, but he's a sight.

He has the sharpest little ears—
Nothing happens he does not hear.
At daytime, playful little sprite,
A mighty guard dog he is at night
He's a sentinel placed on duty,
Why, this Driff is sure a beauty.

When no other sound is heard
He will bark without a word;
Frisk about and run and play;
Always happy, always gay.
In the flowers he will run
Just to finish up his fun.

THE THOUGHTS OF A STRANGER.

We have met as strangers in this church,
Like cooing doves upon their perch,
I met you, my heart would you truly entwine.
There is hope of a future, but no hope is mine.
Our lives when beginning were set far apart.
But who knows the lessons that are read in the heart;
Ah, who knows the future that's by heaven veiled?
If we knew our weakness, how then could we fail?

Those beautiful tresses the raven would claim;
The hope of a true love, a future or name
Could bid us remember that strangers are we.
The care of a master, the hope of the free,
And when we remember how brief are our lives
The toils that confront us, the misery and strife;
Then let us remember our lives are but one;
It blooms in the shadow and fades in the sun.

Go forth and remember, my treasure's above,
The Master has spared me no one here to love.
The first was a treasure, a sweet earthly dream,
But what was the end, and where now is my queen?
She vanished like snow in the midst of a fire;
Ah, like the last glimpse of the bright morning star;
The second, that hope that our lives should be one,
Her race was soon ended, and mine just begun.

The third was a fairy, I sought for her care,
I met her, loved, and lost in a year.
For life is a contest, and love is a dream,
With cold, frosty winters, that frown there between.
Between things that is present, and things of the past.
The shadow before me so gloomy was cast.
This shadow continued so long in my sight,
Now fades from my memory and leaveth no light.

For we are the children, to which life was given,
To toss on its billows, until we were in heaven.
I hope your life happy, your future so bright,
With never a shadow to darken the light.
But happiness sought for is never attained;
It comes like the sun rays at the close of a rain;
It comes, but won't linger in darkness or grief;
It makes some hearts cheerful, brings others relief.

You gave me this flower, then took it away,
And left my heart wounded, forever to stay.
No care for that fragrant you sought to refine.
There is hope in your future, but no hope is mine.
No hope in the present, though love to embrace.
I wish to be present, to enter the race.
I think that race I only can win
If I could be present when it would begin.

* * * * *

I think as a runner, and you for a prize:
It would only be pleasure, and good exercise.
I would take you and love you in honor and truth.
Dear, you are the flower I have sought for from youth:
A flower of charity, peace and devotion,
One lovely friend on life's stormy ocean.
A heart to stand by me honest and true.
Could I but find such a friend in you.

OUR DARKNESS.

Darkness at daylight, pleasure in pain,
Your loving heart, and your love could I gain.
Wandering in shadows, and looking for light:
Loved one, my darling, my day's turned to night.
Darkness, O, darkness, O, when shall come day?
When shall the mist clear
And love have its sway?

Here is my darkness, and where dwells your heart:
Dear one, I love you, but soon we must part.
Life is a misery, and love is a pain.
Darkness and daylight all reigneth the same.
Darkness is reigning its scepter of sin:
God is a judge and ruler of men.

Go to our schooldays, and think of the past.
Darkness is reigning, how long shall it last?
All life when ended, look, what does it hold?
Life is a mission, and where is its gold?
Darkness at noonday, and love in the light.
God is a great Judge, who judgeth aright.

PASSING LIGHT.

Just a year ago a flower
Rose in silence, on my way.
It was fresh with earthly showers,
In the month of flowers—May.
But a rose so rare in beauty
Never lingers long to see.
Was this love, or hope, or duty,
Or was this fancy care for me?

Raven tresses, head adorning,
Eyes dark brown, of shining bliss;
Just as lovers in the morning
That true hearts have loved to kiss.
But that heart, that once was cheerful
When companioned by my side,
Now these thoughts have made me careful,
Since I've faced the stormy tide.

Life was joy, the hope of giving
Was the hope that I had planned
Should be given to the living;
Even with it, life's own sand.
Though I knew that she was dreaming
Of a fairer face than mine,
Did I understand the meaning
When she said there is one to find.

One to find beyond the billows,
In the peaceful realms of life.
And would true love be the pillow,
When she became another's wife.
O, that hearts were always true,
Would we seek to find in vain
For a lover that is true;
One that would not give you pain.

Well, this lesson I'll remember,
It has left its silent trace;
Like the snow in cold December
Ever shines your smiling face.
Now the future is before me;
I shall seek in higher parts.
Now I've lost thee for eternity,
I shall find a truer heart.

Now this pleasure all is over
And the future, I had dreamed,
Should it fade like a sea-rover,
As the miles I place between.
Secret hearts had sworn to measure
Every solemn strand of life;
Would you be an earthly treasure
And a hero in the strife.

Even springtime shall lose its flowers,
And cold winter cease to chill.
While true pleasure reigns in showers
And the stormy tempest still.
Stills to hear a solemn message
From this low and sinful sod,
As it carries a holy vestige
For the throne of heaven and God.

OUR FLOWER.

O, this bud was young and fair,
Pride of father and mother's prayer.
Little bright-eyed, laughing boy,
Fills this world with peace and joy.

Mother lover her precious Pearl
More than all the treasures of this world
Brown-eyed, fair-haired little flower,
Bringing sunshine, blessed with showers.

O, those precious, lovely eyes,
Like the starlight in the skies.
And those lips, so nice and sweet;
Chubby hands and dainty feet.

Should this little flower grow
In this world of pain and woe?
No. God in His all-wise sight
Called our love from earthly night.

Would our little love remain
Conscious of this world of pain;
Struggling on life's troubled sea
And sink into eternity.

Sweeter than the sweetest flower
Blooms in sunshine and in shower.
Little flower, heaven's alone—
We for you shall always mourn.

O, the storms of life are past;
Nature calm, serene at last.
Sleeping in thy mother dust,
As some day we know we must.

On the path which thou hast trod,
And before the same just God.
Ah, if we were like thee, love,
In the mansion now above.

Sleep on, loved one, in the clay,
Silent till the judgment day.
In the gate which thou went through
We shall follow shortly, too.

THE RULER OF DAY AND NIGHT.

Within the eastern dawn, the sun
Above the mountain seems to come
With smiling face he views the day
And bids the darkness pass away
Amid our mountain home his rays
About our dwelling seem to play.

We view his broad and smiling breast
Above the Walden Ridge's crest.
And in his silver chariot glides
Among the mountain glowing tides,
He hastens on from dawn till night
Giving this world its heat and light.

Like Auster in his great array
He chases on the fleeting day,
The mountains in his path he views
The flashing lightning passing through.
He sees the noble sons of toil,
The sin and vice about them coiled.

Our mountain home he blesses, too,
While chasing off the morning dew,
And leaving all as light as spring.
The cheerful birds for him shall sing
And we, the children here of men,
He views us in our ways of sin.

The storms are rising, still he stavs
To thus dispute the right of days;
The clouds are darken, overcast,
The fearful sun is hid at last.
But like the ruler of the day,
Above the clouds he still holds sway.

And when the stormy cloud is passed
He is ruler of the day at last.
And like the Jove of ancient time,
Appeals to God, the Great Divine,
And smiling on the mountain fair,
The morning breeze, the mountain air.

At evening when this race is done,
The last rays fading from the sun
And as the ruler of the day
He gives the moon the scepter's sway.
The moon and stars shall rule the night,
Till morning comes the dawn of light.

The silver moon the scepter sways
And rules the earth from dark till day.
And on the evening breeze doth ride.
He sees Dan Cupid side by side.
He loves his peaceful calm array
To rule the night, not stormy day.

He is free to roam across the sky,
Away from daylight's mournful cry;
Away from east to west he goes.
He is king of night, and has no foes.
The calm, the peaceful reign of night,
Without its cares, is his delight.

When in the morning as he comes
He meets his older brother, sun.
I now retire the scepter sway.
I cannot rule your stormy day.
When on his face there is no frown
He then receives a victor's crown.

FARMER'S LIFE.

Entering the field at daylight,
With heart so light and gay,
I am a modern farmer
That is not met every day.
I love the chirp of the morning birds
That whistle the early morn,
As I follow the plow, with determined look,
Plowing my field for corn.

I plow the ground, I sprout, I hoe,
And prepare my soil at first—
I seem to hear the voice of God—
Your living comes from the earth.
My limbs are wet with the morning dew,
My muscles firm with work.
I have found the work, and do it true,
And find it does not hurt.

What occupation man has sought,
Wherever he shall be,
There's none so high as the farmer wrought;
No, none one-half so free.
For manufacturer makes the tools,
In warehouses to stay.
And what the farmer plants in spring
He reaps it in a later day.

Give me communion with the soil,
Teach me to plan ahead.
It even sweetens ever toil
Wherever man has tread.
The farmer from his little plow
Commands the world's esteem.
Even the president should bow
To such a one as him.

The farmer turns the wheel of trade—
The great machinist wheel—
And what on earth for food is made
It grows in some great field.
The kings of earth turn to the field for substance and for life,
And what is better in this world than a farm with a strife?

The farmer's life is the life for me,
Out from the noise of the town;
Out in country where the air is free,

The farmer's home and lawn.
Go teach the world who laid the plan,
To cultivate the soil.
The scepter of life is in the farmer's hand,
Although a son of toil.

When the farmer's work of life is over
And we reach the great divide,
We hope to meet on the other shore,
Beyond this earthly tide.
Now, farmer from your labor look
Beyond your harvest here,
Behold the path of life like books,
At the close of every year.

THE ARTIST.

In his study sits the artist
With his countenances gloomy cast.
He was musing on the present,
And dreaming of the past.
O, my life like light is fleeting
To a dark and dreary age,
Now I am losing all my freedom
Like a bird my soul shall be caged.

Long the days my soul did wonder,
From my childhood to my youth,
In this battlefield I've stumbled,
Now I know the painful truth,
Though the days that passed were happy,
Then they seemed my dreary ones,
They were all my laurels gathered
At the close of my bright sun.

Oh, we seem to think that living
Is a bright and glorious charge
Then when we recite that lesson,
We have found it very hard.
Death is cruel, but life is crueler—
Living in this world of pain
Where no true love never reigneth,
Where no sunshine lives, but rain.

Yes, in summer time and winter,
And those hearts we have loved the best,
Let us see our minds at leisure,
If our true hearts be at rest.
Rest a moment, come together,
Let us be a child again—
Think not of the painful future,
Be not conscious here of sin.

Ah, that thorn was cruel that pierced you;
Yes, that wound was hard to heal,
You received for justice fighting
On life dreadful battlefield—
On life's path you seem to wonder
Musing on life's slender thread,
And the path over which you have traveled
Those unforbidden paths you've tread.

Life is but a boundless ocean,
From the cradle to the grave—
Yes, we start across this ocean
And we sink beneath its wave,
And this artist in his study
Musing on life's lonely strand.
Life is but a dreary forest
To be trod by fallen man.

BREVITY OF LIFE.

Our golden race shall soon be run,
Our day of life will pass,
The clouds that hide our earthly sun
Will soon be lighter cast.
The darkest night shall have its day,
The longest day will end.
And what I cherish on life's way
Is trueness in our friends.

Our toils and labors here we face,
With a smiling face or frown,
And what of life we gain in grace,
We hope to wear a crown,

Our time of life is very brief,
The soul that choseth pain,
He knows that death is his relief,
And never strive again.

Our lives are like a passing storm,
Besieged by earthly cares.
And when we go, and come to harm,
We view our lives in tears.
Now could we in the future gaze,
And see our lives afar.
Behold our misery, and its rays,
Shine like a glittering star.

Then would we face our earthly life
Without a tear or sigh,
While looking on to endless strife,
It would be far better to die,
Than see our hopes, tho built on sand
Sink far beneath our feet
We chose the battle, and the land
And meet a grand defeat.
Our lives are rivers great and free,
Traveling on that boundless, pathless sea—
Where none returns.
With hopes that rise and fade away,
With hearts that love, but will not stay,
And in the greatness of our fame,
There is a flaw—then who's to blame.

WHO SHALL STAND.

Through this life, we only pass once alone,
Can we choose the path aright for our own;
Will we, while this life is ours,
Place our hopes within the stars.
Before we cross that dreadful bar,
With our God?

On this dreadful bar of life we must stand
Struggling on through sin and strife, as a man,
Facing all the awful perils,
Of this dark and sinful world,
Who shall stand!

Can we on this battlefield, for the right,
Will we stand, and never yield, will we fight;
Will we face this world so brave,
Battle onward to the grave
On this field.

Who will guard your sinful form, with His care,
Will you face this battle storm, and not fear—
Through this life are pleasures brief, that we claim
Death will come to our relief,
In His name.

Passing on from death to life, in this world,
Bidding a long adieu to strife, and the held
Painful though the summons be, at his call,
Trusting Christ who set us free—
Lest we fall.

Life and death reigns, but a day, in his sight,
Soon it all shall pass away, like a light,
Like a meteor in the sky, man does reign,
He is mortal, but to die—
Filled with pain.

TO THE TEACHER.

Teacher, we must stand before thee—
Let us try to do our best.
Some day we shall think about thee,
When thou sleep, and be at rest.

Lay the platform, lay it firmly,
So that time can find no flaw.
Let the whole world see around you,
They must praise your work they saw.

Do your best for every pupil—
Try to conquer every soul—
Let your work come true, and tested,
Like the Maker's truest gold.

Yes, dear teacher, you are forming,
The platform on which we stand;
Not as children as we are now,
But as women, and as man.

O, our time we do not value,
We don't use it as we should;
We would love thee, teacher, better,
If we only understood.

The school days are but a moment,
Happiness day that life do give,
Teach us every branch to master,
Prepare us the way to live.

OUR PARTING IS SURE.

Dark clouds are traveling over head,
You on this lonely road must tread—
While you stand summon your heart,
Love, and beloved you must part.

Weep not, when that parting comes—
Let no joyful hearts be dumb,
Tremble not at death's dark face,
Friends, you only change your place.

On the road where none returns,
There is a light within you burns—
Friends may stand upon this shore,
But they shall see you here no more.

Death shall take you by the hand,
Lead you to another land.
Without repentance where do you stand,
To meet the Lord and king of man.

Here we walk in fields of sin,
And our conscience strives within.
Why not turn without a word;
Harken to the voice we heard.

Memories of them, all Divine,
They have left a light behind,
One to follow evermore,
Till we've crossed bright Jordan's shore.

He who hanged upon the cross,
When our wicked soul was lost;
He who came from Heaven down,
Walked through villages and towns.

He was buried in the earth;
He has now a better berth;
Christ who died upon the tree,
Shouted victory, all is free!

FLOWERS OF LIFE.

Flowers of life, bloom only to fade,
Chosen through life in every age,
Dearer than all whose life is dear,
Flowers of life, is a friend that is near.

Nearer in trouble, and with you in pain,
Flowers of life is a true friend to gain.
One who is with you, trusted and tried,
Closer in trouble to stand by your side.

Sure as the morning, the dawning of light,
Struggling to conquer for justice and right,
Flowers of life, so sweet to bloom,
Filling the earth with their holy perfume.

Flowers of life, there is no friend like you,
Honored and trusted, I've always found true,
Here is the mysteries, O flowers of life,
While you are blooming, O why bloom for strife.

Flowers of life, when you are at rest,
Life is a trial, and a mighty contest.
Bloom in the shadow, and fade in the sun,
True life is a race, that few people run.

Flowers of life, true as the soul,
Finished their mission and reached the goal,
Never no more to contest for your rights,
Free from all shadow, to live in the light.

ON THE OCEAN OF TIME.

We have left our earthly harbor,
Starting on an ocean wild,
We must have our vessel armored,
If we stand the mariner's trial.

Though the storms may rise and scatter,
Many vessels in our fleet.
But we will all at last be gathered,
And into eternity meet.

Mariners, while you are on the ocean,
Tossing on the surging waves,
Do you look beyond your vessel,
Do you think beyond the grave?

Darkness is coming, day is fleeting,
But your ship, like Noah's Ark,
Must be traveling on the ocean,
On the surging waves so dark.

Time is fleeting, storm is raging,
Lightning flashing on the deck.
Have you placed your trust in Jesus,
If you sink beneath the wreck?

Traveling on an unknown ocean,
Drifting on an unknown sea,
We will be fruit for Christ eternal,
In a bright eternity.

TOIL.

Daily working as a slave,
Marching onward to the grave:
Struggling, trying day by day—
Disappointments all the way.

What is life that we should claim,
Filled with toil, and sin and pain—
Man upon this lifeless wave,
Will find rest within their grave.

Could we live our lives again ;
Would we make them free from sin.
Daily to your work you go,
Facing trouble, sin and woe.

Here the tempter is near at hand,
Will you come at God's command—
Curb your temper every day,
Learn to struggle and to pray.

Do your work, and do it well,
Let your time your labor tell,
Struggle bravely, and work hard,
Time will bring you your reward.

Here your life is but a day,
Soon it all shall pass away,
Never more to live again,
In this world of sin and pain.

BRIGHT THROUGH ETERNITY.

O though work, through life has been
Filled with toil, and not with sin.
Yes, your work through life shall be,
Bright through all eternity.

Like a rose so bright and fair,
That was blown by morning air ;
Like a charge upon this land,
God called you at his command.

Like a soldier at his rest,
You have stood your Maker's test.
Ere you sink beneath the wave,
But your soul with God is saved.

On this earth your days were few,
Filled with love like morning dew,
Here on earth your stay was brief,
Now your rest shall never cease.

Free from anguish, and from pain,
Never more to weep again.
Clouds may rise, and storm may rage,
Years may change into decades.

When the day that God has said,
Man must rise up from the dead,
Stand before the Maker's face,
And be saved by Heaven's grace.

Never more by sin beguiled,
Pure and innocent like a child,
Bright and glorious were the day,
When Christ washed your sins away.

O, your seat is vacant here,
Others cannot fill your chair;
But your work through life shall be,
Bright through all eternity.

BE FAITHFUL IN ALL THINGS.

Be truthful, earnest and faithful—
It seems that our lives are in vain—
What gives to one heart great pleasure,
Gives to another great pain,
When daily labor confront you
Summons your strength in accord.
Be truthful, faithful and earnest,
Labor shall reap its reward.

CHORUS.

Think of true love as a treasure,
And of the victories to gain,
What gives to one heart great pleasure,
Gives to another great pain.
Love gladdens earth, like the springtime,
When in the morning of life—
What giveth many great pleasure
Leads them to misery and strife.
The sun that gleams on us brightly,
Causeth another to frown.
When one is highly exalted,
Another is surely cast down.

The dark clouds that swing above us,
Hiding the sun from our view—
Be truthful, faithful and earnest,
And to your lover be true.

The brightest hopes that we cherish
Passes away like the light,
The love we truly enjoyeth,
Turneth as bitter as night.

LIFE IS A CONTEST.

Life is a contest, of which we must face,
Struggling through honor, trouble and disgrace,
Weeping in trouble, groaning in pain,
Life is a contest of which it seems vain—
Life is an ocean, so deep and so wide
We start on this ocean, and sink in its tide.
Trouble comes to us, our armor to try—
Man is a mortal, though born to die,
Life is a moment, a terror to face—
Life is a moment, then death taketh place.
Pleasure it comes through life not to stay,
Trouble is a terror, which shall soon pass away.
Struggling to conquer, and falling to rise,
Having your hopes on the sun in the skies.
The ones we have trusted through life to be friends
Proved a deceiver, and what were their ends;
Life is a contest, and bright as the soul,
Shines in eternity, Heaven the goal.

TEMPERANCE.

Hopeless, while you stand to think,
Stopping once to take a drink,
While we all in wonder stand,
Organize a temperance band.

While your sons and daughters fall,
Will you help them one and all,
Down with whiskey, let us say,
Temperance we must learn to pray.

God in heaven is a king,
He on us will vengeance bring;
Fight his battles, for the right,
Save our sons from dreadful sights.

Look at bar-rooms, see their shame.
They shall make the world the same
If the Lord don't interfere.
We shall lose some friends so dear.

Temperance, in an army go!
Save this world from sin and woe,
Conquer tyrants, bring them down.
Drive the whiskey men from town.

Drunkards you must face your God.
When you slept beneath the sod—
What a fearful thing to do.
Temperance, are you kind and true.

While you to drink are but a slave,
It will lead you to the grave,
With a life of sin and woe
Drunkrds, will you quietly go.

Will you when Death's icy looks
Reads your life as plain as books,
Will you tell him, will you go,
Meet God's judgment on that shore?

ADVICE TO A SCHOOL-BOY.

School boy, now's no time to play,
It's a time to work, and pray—
It's a time to take a stand,
Learn to live when you are a man.

Do your work before you go,
To face the world of work and so,
Seeds to harvest, at some set time
Some shall grow to plants and vines.

How can you so quietly stand,
Steal your rights from God and man,
Vex your teacher every day,
You shall find it will not pay.

Some of you from school shall go,
With a knowledge of its woes,
Disobeying every rule,
Some shall hate to go to school.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

She has gone beyond the river,
And her work here is a dream;
Buds may grow, and grass may wither.
Years may change the time between.

Here her voice is cold and silent,
And her form lies in the clay;
Shall I meet her at the judgment,
On that fearful looking day?

Here she entered on life's journey,
With companions and dear friends.
Soon the chords of life were broken,
And she met her earthly end.

Was her life a shining meteor,
Passing through this world like light.
And amid her earthly splendor,
Leave us in the darkest night.

Soon the trees will bloom and blossom,
And the joyous birds will sing,
But my loved one's voice is silent,
In the glorious coming spring.

She is sleeping, quietly sleeping,
In the peaceful arms of death,
And amid our earthly weeping,
Silent is her voice and breath.

No more can my love be weary,
With the toils of earth and life.
While her form is free from trouble,
May her soul be free from strife.

DEFEAT OF EDWARD.

Out on a cloudy battle field,
The dust had risen in a shield,
The form of brave men lying around,
Had almost blocked the passing ground.

Those men who made their name to shine,
Were standing in that battle line.
They knew not that next moment may,
Would silence them till judgment day.

Into the battle you must go,
You have no need to fear your foe,
You have been trained from cradle up,
To drink that fatal, bitter cup.

The trumpet sound, the bugle pealed,
Stand brave men, and never yield.
You who stand within this line,
Is Scotland's hope of future time.

Within that battle men did die,
Charge them with me, the regent cried,
The regent and his line of men
Fought like their native brothers then.

The clash of swords, the glittering shield,
Were ringing on that battle field;
Wallace rallied soldiers then,
Against the host of Edward's men.

The slogan of that Scottish band,
Was Lady Marion, rang through the land,
Moved every Scottish heart to tears,
To think of one who was so dear.

Edward, who rallied his bold host,
Was trembling on that slippery slope,
The chiefs of Scotland stood their ground,
While all the Lanarks rallied around.

AN OLD OAK.

Standing like a mighty giant,
On my way a tree.
With its branches in the air,
Beautiful to see.
Passing like a flashing light,
I behold it now.
With its trunk so staunch and strong,
Frost upon its brow.

In the merry month of June,
In its branches free,
Many birds there went to rest,
It even sheltered me.
Many a day I've walked along,
On my way to school,
Thought about this lovely tree,
And its way of rule.

Pondering on this narrow path,
Man is but a tree.
With a choice of right and wrong,
But is not so free.
This tree has stood the storm,
Of many a year.
Many nations rose and fell,
But it is still here.

It has stood a silent watch,
Of the ways of men,
Many had passed by this tree,
On their way to sin.
Lovers stood beneath this tree,
Vowed their love to keep.
Many passed this earthly stage,
Are in their last long sleep.

Standing like a mighty king,
Where the air is free.
Ah that we could live and reign,
Like this mighty tree.
Take this lesson to thy heart,
Let it teach thee love,
While thou art an earthly tree,
Strive to reach above.

SPRING TIME.

Spring time will soon be here,
The most lovely time of all the year.
For after winter comes the spring,
The cheerful birds begin to sing.
All nature which is calm and brief
Will wake as from a mighty sleep.

Prepared to work and serve us all,
Till Jack Frost comes, the king of fall.
The early morning and spring time breeze,
It gives us pleasure, strength and ease.
Old dormant fields arrayed in green,
Shall wear a crown fit for a queen.

And flowers are gems of the crown,
The sun will bless them looking down,
And birds and flowers, beast and men,
Rejoice with spring light from within,
The spring time brings the flowers gay,
Along with showers on the way.

Winter's reign is over, the spring king is here.
He has gone on a visit, to come back this year.
To bring with him Christmas, the birth time of Christ,
After we harvested and gathered for life.
Prepared for the winter, the great northern king,
Shall come from the north pole, and snow showers
bring.

MEDITATION.

I am musing, sweetly musing,
And the path before me seems.
While the lessons of life I am using,
Who will wake me from my dream.

Dreaming that my life is passing—
Passing like a shooting star,
While the armies of life are massing
In the distant land so far.

I behold the armies rallying,
At the voice of God's command,
In this low, sin-smitten valley,
We shall behold our Maker's hand.

In this stirring battle facing
All the combined force of death,
With the hope of heaven gracing,
All the world, while we have breath.

Battle bravely on my brother,
Let your work in future be,
Learn to fight for Christ, no other,
Throughout time and eternity.

Cast your soul alone on Jesus,
In the battle stirring ring.
Look to heaven for forgiveness,
Never live and die in vain.

THE REUNION.

Ah, we have gathered here, dear comrades,
Where the air is pure and free,
In this beautiful, thriving city,
By the rolling Tennessee.
Tennessee, it tells a story;
Lookout Mountain, her tale does tell,
How the blue and gray there battled,
There is where the noble heroes fell.

Blue and gray here fought together,
In this lovely, peaceful site,
Each were battling for his country,
For what each considered right.
To our city, come, you are welcome;
Be a soldier, kind and true,
Though you fought with Grant or Jackson,
Though you wore the gray or blue.

Now the storms of battles over,
And true peace supreme does reign,
Be a citizen or soldier,
On the hills or in the plain,

Once we were enemies in battle,
Let no war storm stir us ill,
For whatever God has ordained,
It is sure to do His will.

Now let us join our hands in accent,
Like a soldier for a cause,
To uphold that glorious banner,
And to help enforce the law.
For the God of truth in heaven,
Knows the way that He has given,
From the lowly sod of this earth,
To the very gates of heaven.

And at last when war is over,
And no war storms stir us ill,
We shall meet in peace in heaven,
Where our pleasures are fulfilled.
Ah, the civil war is ended,
With it many human lives,
But the days of peace are reigning,
And we bid adieu to strife.
Let us welcome every soldier,
In the rank where conscience led,
And the tears for those we are shedding,
Are those numbered with the dead.

THE SONG OF THE SHOVEL.

I toil, I toil, and my station is low,
I am of humble birth,
Wherever the brawny arm is found,
I seem to rule the earth.
I am hated and scorned by the man of wealth,
Whose pride is his riches in store,
The brawny arms to the man of health,
And strength is to the poor.

The hours are long I am forced to work,
You hold a hand of steel,
Wherever I am known to work,
Whole mountains have yield,
The mansion in which the rich man lives,

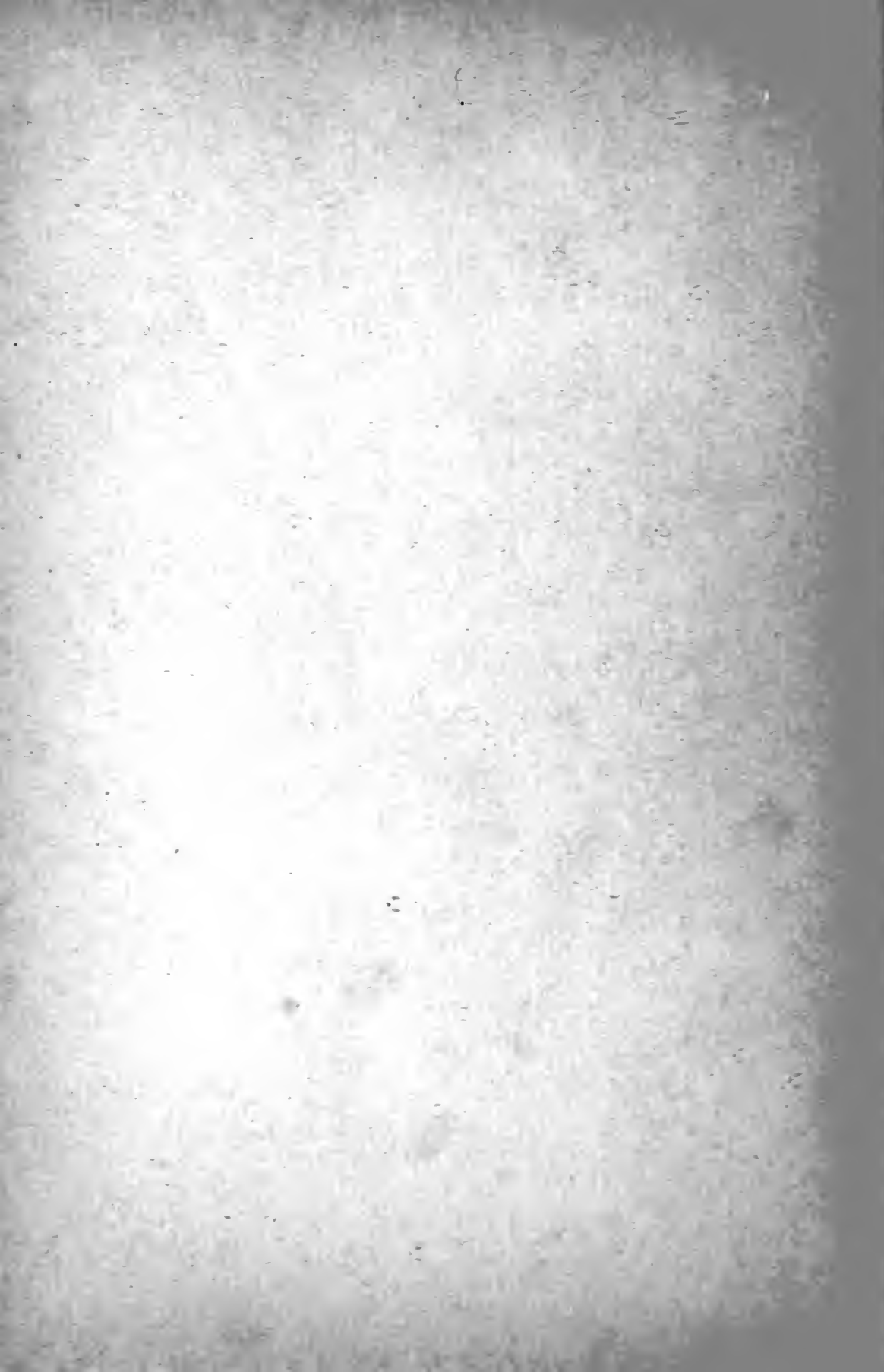
I was the one to start.
The earth before me seems to give,
And I work with willing heart.

From early dawn, till late at night,
In a boisterous, noisy crowd,
I work in the care of the foreman's sight,
And the men are singing loud.
The rails on which the engines run,
Were handled once by me.
I tossed the ore, O wasn't it fun,
The miners hope with glee.

You seem to scorn me, tender hands,
And people of higher birth,
But I am the one that is in demand,
To subdue all the earth.
Your furnaces great, and your mansion grand.
I was the one to build,
My station is low, but I take a stand.
And my office I try to fill.

The mountains are high, but I hew them down,
I make a passage way;
I pave the streets in the thriving towns,
Which wealth does rule today.
I grade the way for railroads long,
And cities at small expense,
And hold the scepter of the strong.
A weapon of defense.

On the field of battle I play my part,
The trenches I clear for them
Who set their minds with stubborn hearts,
To slay their fellow men.
I am a soldier trained to fight,
For justice and for bread,
The time shall come, when I shall get my rights,
When the rich man's wealth has fled.

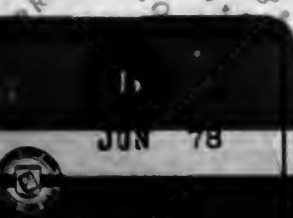
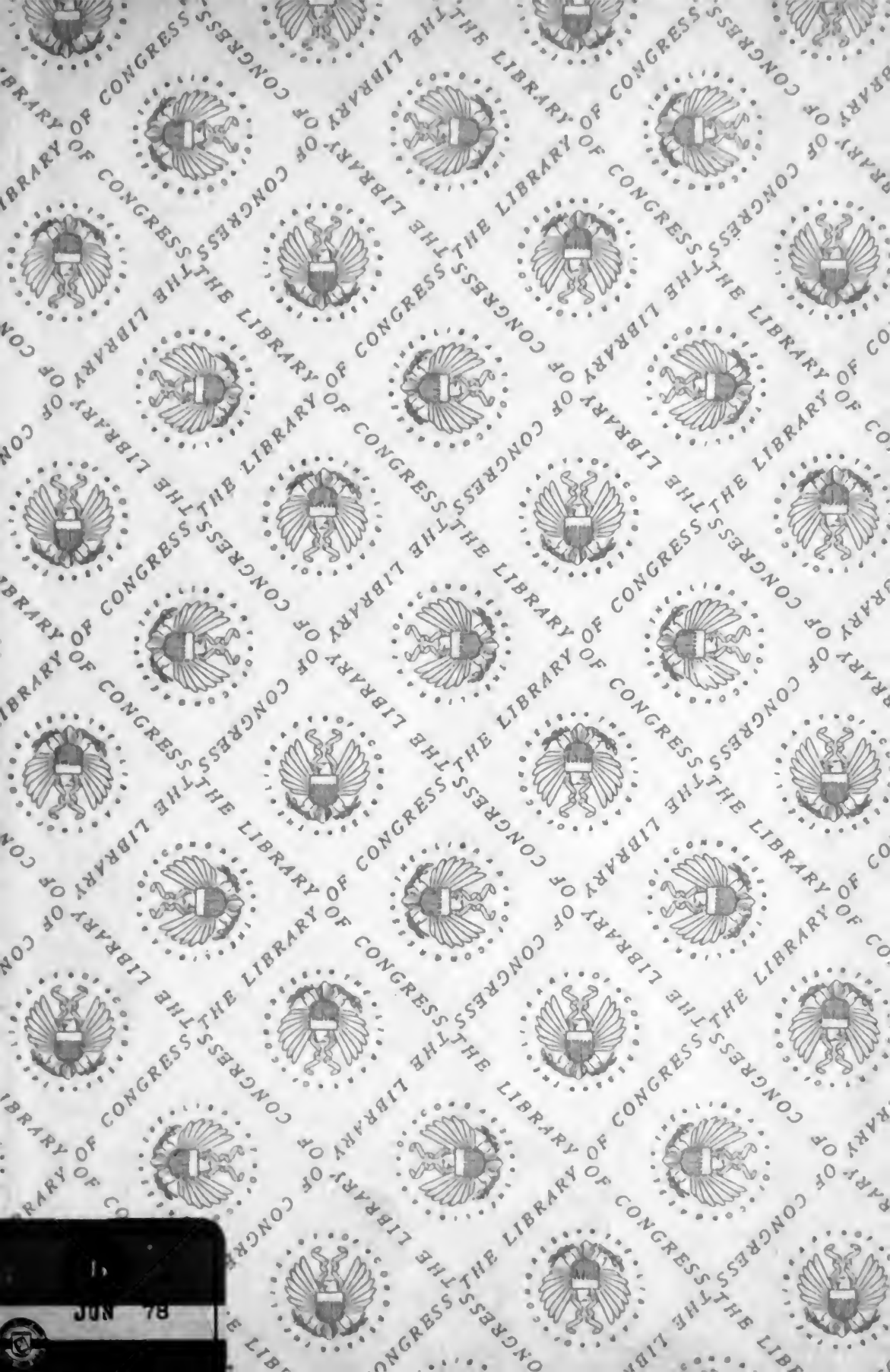


H243 78 522 .

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

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